A FRENDLY Larum, or faythfull warnynge to the true harted Subiectes of England.

Discoueryng the Actes, and malicious myndes of those obstinate and rebellious Papists that hope (as they terme it) to haue theyr Golden day.

By I. Phil.

Imprinted at London in Fleetstreete, by William Howe: for Rycharde Johnes.

op
G
as
De
po
of
to
uo
eu
po
fyD

To the moſte vertu-

ous and gratious Ladie Katherin Duches of Suffolke, Iohn Phillip wiſheth continuall health of body and minde, from God the father of our Lorde Ieſus Chriſte. Amen.

NOt vtterly ignorant, (moſt gratious Lady) of your many and ſundrie vertues, whiche ſufficientlye are made open and manifeſt to the louers of Gods ſincere & Catholique Goſpel, as otherwiſe ardent and zealous deſier, that your noble hearte doth poſſeſſe: in wiſhyng the conuerſion of thoſe that are enemies not onely to Gods veritie, but alſo to the fauourers of the ſame, which who ſo euer he be that ſhall enter (in theſe poyntes) into deepe & earneſt conſyderation of minde with him ſelfe,

shal not only be moued to be thank full therefore to God the giuer of al good thinges, but also be prouoked and stirred day by day to pray, that God, as he by his vnspeakeable prouidence, hath framed so good a gift in your (most gratious breast) and to illumine your eyes with his deuine knowledge, wherby your person is, and can be able thereby to discerne falshood from truth, light from darkenesse, pure religion from vnwritten verities, and Gods Euangely from mens tradicions: so he may increase and multiplie the same in so noble a heart, that you may perseuer and go forward therin to ỹ glory of God, the aduaunce-ment of his worde, and the comfort and consolation both of your gra-tious body and minde: that when Christ shall come to iudge, you may participate as felow Heire with him, that eternall and Heauenly kynge-

kyngedome, purchased with his deare heart bloud: where he hath layde vp in store, for all that faithfully, and earnestly beleeue on his most holy name, immortall and incorruptible Crownes of euerlasting life, the whiche are allotted to his beloued and adopted sonnes, in his bloud. Knowyng therefore (O vertuous Lady) your Estate, to be suche, as scarsly I might for want of knowledge, once be worthie to name, so greate is the weakenesse and imbicillitie of my witte: muche lesse then, to wright vnto so noble a Lady as your grace is. Yet incoraged by hope, I am imboldened to pitche mine Anker, amidst the Flouds of your vertues, & to builde my trauell on ỹ foundation of your knowledge, beyng perswaded, that hauinge so worthie a Matrone as you are, to be a sheilde to this my weake and vnskilfull labour: it shal

not onely be a sheild sufficient therto, but cause it also to be the better regarded and esteemed. In consyderation wherof, I most humbly beseche your Grace to accept & take the same in good parte, and hereafter as God shal increase in me greater knowledge, I shall with matters of greater waight and importaunce, trouble your most gratious person, as knoweth God, who graunte you longe lyfe, prosperitie and peace, with the comforte and great ioy of your worthy children, to his good pleasure now & euer.

Your humble and obedient oratour
Sonne of your poore seruant (of
longe time,) Iohn Phillip.

¶ To the Reader I. Phillip wisheth health in Christe the giuer thereof, &c.

CALLINGE TO MINDE (Good Reader) the estate of this oure myserable tyme, knowinge that CHRISTE in his Gospell hath geuen vs knowledge therof, forewarnyng vs therfore to th'intent that our mindes should not be troubled or caried aboute, as the weather Cocke is commonly with euery puffe and smal blast of Winde. Let this therefore aduertise thee, that thou looke not backe from that Canonicall and heauenly doctrine, Which our maister Christe hath taught, and confirmed as his blessed will and Testament, with the price of his precious death and bloudshedding on the Crosse: with which he hath sealed the same, and left it vnto vs and our posterities, that we and they which shal come after vs might teache it vnto our Children, as a lawe giuen by him to be obserued for euer: Then sith he hath so mercyfully and louingly delt with vs, shall we rewarde his good will, with ingratitude? or shall we in recompence of so greate benefites yelde or quit him with disdaine? No, rather like obedient and louynge children, let vs indeuer to obey his commaundements, and to show our selues followers of his worde, not only in talke but in deede: for deedes to confirme our profession are required, not that by them we may me-

rit ought at all: for faith and not workes are our iuſtificacion, yet I condemne not workes, for they are the fruites of faith and teſtefie the ſame: ſundry cauſes haue mooued me, though vnworthy to take this labour in hande: the one, the mutteringe of Papiſtes, whiche mutter there and here, as oportunitie ſeruith their turnes, ſtrange lies and newes far diſtant from truth. Another cauſe is, that the mindes of many men are diſquieted and brought out of frame by the vngodly meanes of ſuche, as not only rebell againſt God and his worde, but alſo againſt the eſtate of this Realme, our Queene and dignitie of her Crowne: and ſo through the meanes and actions of a few vnnaturall braunches, ſtande halfe in doubt whether they may turne to the right hande or the left: this therefore may be to comfort the one, to diſcourage and vtterly deface th'other: Whiche not only purpoſe the ruine aud ſpoyle of their naturall Nourſe and countrie, but alſo as their vniuſt dealynges, their craftie attempts, and ſubtill pretences plainly ſhowe and demonſtrate the domage and decay of our moſte gratious and excellent Princeſſe, whoſe high renowne of maieſtie euery true and faithful ſubiect as far as life and goods wil ſtretch, ought to defēd, ſupport and maintaine, as hir Maieſties perſon is the lawfull heire of the famous Prince Kinge Henrie the eight (who was) a ſuppreſſer and ouerthrower of all ſuperſtition and Idolatrie, ſo our Delbora doth not only ſtudie to vanquiſh and confounde the ſame: but followeth the trace of hir moſt excellent Father, a wiſe and prudent Salomon, as did that yonge and godly Ezechias the ſixt EDVVARDE hir maieſties valiant

brother

brother, who, as ſhe planted the Lords Vineyarde, and repayred the walles of Sion againe, Till ſuch time as our God ſeing our ingratefulneſſe deliuered vs into the hands of the Bulles of Baſan, who not only defaced the buildinge ſubſtancially framed and begon: but more then this, gaue the greedy Boare of Rome free libertie to enter therunto: whoſe ſpoiling Tuſkes did ſpoile aud roote vp ſuch good and godly Braunches, as therin did beautifie and cauſe the ſame increaſe: and after in their ſteads planted Dernell weedes and ſtinking Brambles, which fruict was vnſauery and vnpleaſaunt before GOD, who for the greeuous grones, the Teares, and plaintes, moſt bitterly throwne forth of his litle flocke and Churche, reſtored vs againe from the yoke of Cruell and bloudy Pharo, and in place of CYSERA or DIOCLESIAN, who alwayes were bente, to worke the deſtruction of his people and Churche, ſhortned their rage, abated their pride, and gaue vs a wiſe and wittie HESTER, a godly IVDITH, a valiant DEBORA, or rather a chaſte SVSANNA, to rule, to gouerne, and raygne ouer vs, whoſe clemencie we can witneſſe, whoſe loue wee coulde neuer want, but euer hath abounded towarde hir ſubiectes: and as for the loue ſhe hath to GOD wee are able ſufficiently to witneſſe: hir mercie, the verie obſtinate and blinde bluddringe BALAMITS can ſufficientlie recorde: Why then doo wee ſo diſdainefully recompence hir, whom we are bounde by GOD and nature to loue and obey? as it becometh good and godly ſubiects to do. Therefore to put thoſe in minde that be negligent, of their duties, whiche though they know, yet they neglect

glect to execute, and to confirme thoſe that are waueryng: as to condemne the whiſperinges of Papiſtes and other, as a man may ſay, **Jackes of both ſides,** I haue framed this worke, called **A freindly Larum, or faithfull warning to the true harted Subiects of Englande:** Wherin is diſcouered and plainelie ſet forth vnto all faithfull people, as well the obſtinate and malicious mindes of the Papiſts and Rebels here in England: as alſo the cruel murthers and ſhameleſſe perſecution latelie done in other places by the conſent of their patron the monſtrous Pope, the onely cauſe of this whurly burlie, and diſquietneſſe of all Chriſtendome: the verie Antechriſt or Babilonicall ſtrompet, that S. Iohn ſpeaketh of in his Reuelation, whoſe Sorcerie and craftie iuglinges haue bewitched and diſceaued the Princes of the Worlde, and blinded their externall eyes from beholdinge the light of Gods profounde and endeleſſe wiſedome: Whiche when thou haſt Read, then I pray thee iudge according to my plaine and ſimple meaning, and not vnto knowledge: for if thou looke for any Eloquence or fine Phraſes of Rethorike, thou art deceaued: and thus lothe to trouble or moleſt thy minde with tediouſneſſe, or to wearie thy minde with reading, ſo groſe and rude Letters, deuoyde of ſkill or conninge, I commit the to God, who defende and ſaue thee for euer.

Thy poore freende
John Phillip.

A faithfull Warnyng, to the true hearted Subiectes of Englande.

What meanes the ragynge mindes,
of cruell careleſſe ſorte:
To raunge with rage whoſe chollor hot
they deeme a ſweete diſporte.
Or why do Papiſtes mutter ſo,
in euery corner now:
Such tidinges ſtraunge, as ſcarſly they
in triall dare auow.
Their tongues to tell forth lies,
they dayly do imploy:
To ſclaunder truth, and godly men,
they take exceeding ioy.
As rechleſſe forth they raunge,
regarding nought at all:
Some liue in hope againe to ſee
the worſhip of God Baall.
And ſtill they boaſt therof,
as peruerſe Papiſtes will:
They ſpit their poiſon where they pleaſe,
as Hydras whelps full ill.
And here they prie, and there they ſpie,
their equals forth to finde:
And oft in Paules they parley forth
their ſpiteful cankered minde.

Yea,

Yea, still they talke of newes,
and then their mindes they say:
But partinge then, adew saithe one,
vnto the Golden day.
When wee shall haue our wils,
and purpose come to passe:
And eke enioy as wee do wish,
our longe desired Masse.
And then shall goe to wracke,
the brode that Luther bred:
Olde custome shall supplie the Churche,
whiche errour now hath fed.
Thus prate they as they liste,
in secrete muttringe sorte:
Not bashing suche pernitious talke,
to parley and repente.
Some wish the Basan Bull,
might haue the rulinge sway:
Who (as they boast) shall them reskoare
vnto there Golden day.
Some wish the waueringe Moone,
might quite Eclips the Sunne:
And thus before their wittes wee see,
some Papistes tounges do runne.
Some wish ỹ Redcõbde bird might crow,
and beare away the game:
But yet his combe may hap be cut,
for practisinge the same.

And

And longe this sauage crewe,
of Bonner made account:
To Throne of Londons rule againe,
in Golden day should mount.
Who then would make our Protestants,
the Cuckoes songe to singe:
Or els with faggottes firie flames,
to ruine them to bringe.
But God bereft e their hope,
which vainely fed their minde;
And vnto his elected Churche,
a pleadge of loue assinde.
For when they bragged most,
to haue there Golden day:
Then God by death did ouerthrowe,
the piller of their staye.
And then they hunge their heades,
as men that wanted braynes:
And sobbingly did shewe by sighes,
their straunge tormentinge paynes.
Some thē were drownd in dæpe dispaire,
that longe in hope did liue:
Yea, some did showe with streames,
what griefe his death did giue.
Thus were the Papistes drencht
in fluddes of flowinge woe:
As plainely men might sée and vew,
by their externall shoe.

And

And some of Duns his kynde,
fyne Doctors worth a Strawe:
Which aye haue sought for to repulse
the sõme of Christes lawe.
By Necromancie, they haue sought
as people vicious vaine:
To knowe the tyme, the terme and state,
of noble Princes raygne.
But God hath by his prouidence,
and mercie kept in store,
Deposde their trust: which vnto them
becõmes a Corsey sore.
And so doth bight their hartes,
with battring shot of care:
That outwarde gesture oft doth showe
their strange tormentynge fare.
But they that do consult,
and parley with the Deuyll,
As many shameless Papists now
as pregnant vnto euyll
Do show the same at large,
what Doctrine that they vse:
Euen shameles Sathan their owne God
their Sences doth abuse.
But thoughe their hoape be gone,
which lurkt and lyngered longe:
And they haue wept in wayling woe
to see our God so strong,

To

for true English Subiectes.

To breake and burst in twaine
their purposes so ill:
And by his power to subuart
their hope and wisshed will.
Dispayre possest their mindes,
till now of late they see:
The Bull, the Moone with other moe,
their ayders for to bee.
Which doth their hope augment,
and much their trust increase:
Such is the trust of Papists prowde,
fearce enemies to peace.
But God hath raisd a blasing STAR
to combat with the Moone:
Who will bereue hir of hir light,
or conflict fearce be done.
To tame the Bull, I hope
a Beare will sure be founde:
Whose might ere long may cause the Bull,
vnto the Stake be bound.
To match the red combde Birde,
a noble Swan is prest:
Whose valiaunt force of armes in fight,
is equall to the rest.
Of noble Peeres whose troth,
vnto our Prince is knowne:
who landes nor liues do nothing recke,
to set vpon hir fone.

As

As euery ſubiect will,
that God and truth doth loue;
Indeuer to the vttermoſt,
theſe Rebels rage to moue.
And ſæke in Princes cauſe,
and quarell to contende:
As farre as life and worldly pelfe,
will ſerue for to extende.
Although the waueringe Moone,
and other of his crewe:
As doth the Bull and ſo the reſt,
rebelliouſly renewe.
To bringe againe to Throne
the Boze that ſometh ſo:
Whiche feares by force of ſincere truth,
his Kingdome to forgo.
And therefore hath begonne to worke,
accordinge to his ſkill:
With græedy tuſkes to pray vpon,
all ſuche as hate his will.
What hauocke hath he made?
how toyles he euermore?
For to deface the bloud of Chriſte,
and ſuche as him adore:
His pompous pride, his Pagans hart,
corrupt and moſte vniuſt:
Delights with Martirs bloud to quentch,
his hote and Woluiſhe thurſt,

Not

Not Phallaris the fearce,
the Bulles of Brasse did frame:
To vexe the Saincts that did delight,
to praise Christs holy name.
In tiranny doth more exceede,
then doth this Tiger wood:
Whose exercise is wholly bent,
to spill the faithfuls bloud.
As Nero sought to butcher those,
that Idolles did disdaine:
So doth this Borish Brock with sworde,
his maingie Masse maintaine.
As Traican did extort we read,
when he did Septer hold
In Rome, as lawfull Emperour,
the sheepe of Christes fold.
So doth this Romish Wolfe,
not spare to take his praie:
And where he may, no Sheep nor Lambe,
his teeth can scape awaie.
As hath ben heard and seene,
in Fraunce and Flaunders late:
Where cruell Pharo furiously,
doth maintaine his estate.
And so tormentes the Fold,
and flocke of Christe in deede:
That for to heare the faithfull hartes,
may cause with woe to bleede.

In Fraunce by Ciuill warre,
the Pope hath plaide his parte:
His toyle is ſcene, Gods open truth
by force for to ſubuart.
What ſlaughter hath ben there,
to vs hath not ben hid:
Ne yet to them that thouſandes haue,
from out this life ben rid.
Their countrie ſore decaid,
their wealth decreaſed ſtill:
And ſhall be ſure if caſe the Pope,
may haue his wiſhed wil.
For as he hates the truth,
and ſæks to hide the ſame:
So doth he ſæke to butcher thoſe,
that loue and feare Gods name.
And where as Gods moſt ſincere worde,
doth ſeeke to take a rote:
This viper doth attempt by force,
to treade it vnder foote.
But Heauen and Earth, ſaith Chriſte,
ſhall periſh and decaie:
When his eternall veritie,
vnſpotted ſtill ſhall ſtaie.
And though Saule hauock make of his,
and touch them to the quicke:
Let Saule take hæde, for hard it is
to ſpurne againſt the pricke.

For

For though his Curres a time,
do persecute and spoyle:
At last Gods truth maugre there might,
shall giue his foes the foyle.
In spite of all his crew,
that purpose his aduaunce:
Gods truth through knowledge at the last
shall rule and raigne in Fraunce.
Ye shall confound that careleſſe traine,
those Iabins fearce and fell,
Which spoile his Church, & kil his Saincts
that loue his dære Gospell.
In stæde of warre and bloudy fight,
he shall establish peace:
And plant his worde, euen there as here,
when Papistrie shall cease.
In Flaunders to discourse,
the Tirannie which is there:
Not only strikes the hart with griefe,
but noyes the Christian eare.
As well by fight as otherwise,
the Popish trayne do toyle:
To waste and harme the godly ones,
their goods to pray by spoyle.
Yonge men, and Virgines pure,
which God and truth do loue:
O violent rigour from this life,
by dent of death doth moue.

The Husband from his Wife,
by violence is reste:
And oftentimes the wife euen then,
all Husbandles is leste.
And all to kæpe the Pope in Throne,
God knowes a heauy thinge:
When Darnell shalbe caused thus,
by Princes power to springe.
¶ As late a Pageant straunge,
by force inured there:
Upon a worthie man of God,
seruant of Christe so deare.
Iohn Camberlaine he hight,
in Armes a worthy man:
Whose hawtie courage, all the traine
of Papists witnes can.
So zealous in his Maisters cause,
his doctrine to maintaine:
As prest for to resist the crewe,
of Popish doctours vaine.
So valliant in the field,
to cheare his Souldiars all:
That Camberlaine they waile with teares,
and oft this Captaine call.
Who to the Papists was a pricke,
and cause of gripinge griefe:
Unto the Protestants in neede,
a comfort and reliefe.

Against

for true English Subiectes.

Against this godly wight,
in Armes renowmed so:
His enimies conspierd still,
to giue him cause of woe.
And God permitting them,
this Captaine true to take;
A sacrifice vnto him selfe,
this Camberlaine did make.
In prison they him cast,
sore clogd with yron bands:
Which as reward, the faithfull reape,
at these prcude Papists hands.
No triumphe small was made,
that Camberlaine was caught:
The Popes own pigges right ioyful were
the faithfull toke great thought.
And Camberlaine in fetters clogd,
to God did call for aide:
To strengthen him with pacience,
for constancy he praide.
That as he had begonne to taske,
the fulnes of his grace:
So in his truth he would confirme,
his fraile and mortall race.
Corroborat Lord this carkas now,
which is but dust and slime:
All torments straunge for to indure,
for testimonie thine.

I know as thou my Chriſte,
of worldlings wert contemd:
And vnder Pilate or the Iewes,
to cruell death condemd.
So shall thy seruant liynge here,
with fetters sore oppreſt:
Amonge the brode of curriſh Caines,
with death be due diſtreſt.
I read that thy Electes,
by Tirantes haue ben slaine:
I reade that Herode for thy sake,
put Infants yonge to paine.
And afterward the Tetriarcke,
which Herode also hight:
For Herodias sake, John Baptiſt head,
in pryson of did smight.
I read that Peter and S. Paule,
by Nero loſt their liues:
And so these Curres of Neroes brode,
thy Sainas from breath depriues.
And shall thy seruaunt then,
now subiect to thy crosse:
Diſpaire one whit to follow thée:
or thinke his life a losse:
No, no my God, for sith the world
haue thee no fauour showne:
How should they loue, or fauour those
which aye remaine thine owne.

Oh should thy seruaunt thee exceede,
sith thou was well content:
With thy hart bloud vpon the Crosse,
to seale thy Testament.
Sith they haue persecuted thee,
thy Saincts, and Prophetes pure:
How should they spare, to vexe thy Flock,
which in thy truth indure?
These Popish Traicans bowd,
the bluddringe Balams blinde:
To vexe thee in thy members still,
occasion do finde.
But Lord whē thou shalt thinke it meete,
rise vp, redresse the wronge:
That thy elected Churche and Saincts,
haue now indured longe.
With draw their neckes frō Pharos yoke
thy heauy crosse remoue:
Not as I will, but as thou wilt,
O rulinge loue aboue:
And fortefie this brittell Flesh,
so weake and fraile my Christ:
That to the death, with losse of bloud
thy foes I may resist.
This carkas is the praie,
that Papistes thinke to spoile:
To reaue from it my breathed life,
with hote desire they toyle.

But so confirme my faith,
when perilles present be:
That feare of death constraine me not,
to swarue or straie from thee.
The Chaos of this fleash,
is mould and slippery dust:
Then whereunto, or vnto whom,
should I thy seruant trust.
But only vnto thee my God,
whose mercy doth abound:
Which to relieue thy Saincts oppressed,
by grace meane hast founde.
To thee I still appeale,
to thee I call and crie:
My faith perswades me I am thine,
although my fleash shall dye.
And with thy preaching Paule,
who resteth in thy handes:
I couet Lorde dissolu'd to be,
from these terrestriall bandes.
But when it shall thee please,
thy Sion hill restore:
Reedefie Ierusalem,
deface the Popish Lore.
The Turrets of prowde Babilon,
in mercie ouerthrowe:
That all the worlde a mighty God,
thy Maiestie may knowe.

This

This said, the Tormentours in hast,
from prison him conuay:
To Brussels in the market stæde,
where they their Pagents play.
So straunge to heare and know,
as any hart would blæde:
To thinke that worthy Camberlaine,
should so be verte in dæde.
Whose paines so passinge were,
so perillous and great:
That any Pagan would abhorre,
to worke so vilde a feate.
For passinge by the Bishops gate,
a gate so named there:
With knife in hande, a slaughter man
to Camber. did appeare.
And vnto him approched fast,
and cut of both his eares:
Which facte of those that feare the Lord,
requiers bloudy teares.
But yet as vncontent,
they prosecute their ill:
They spoile him of his robes and then,
they whip and scourge him still.
Vnto the firie flames, where he
shall fine his vitall life:
Where they his torments to enlarge,
do showe them selues full rife.

And

And then with yron Tonges,
in fire burninge hot:
They pinch, and pul his flesh from boanes
all mercy is forgot.
But he oppreſt with payne,
to God doth call and crie:
To place his ſoule amonge his Saincts,
aboue the Starrie ſkie.
But when his flesh from boanes,
is pluckt in many a place:
About the market ſteede with whippes,
they Camkerlaine do chaſe.
So that no parte of him is free,
from bloudy ſtreames ſo redde:
And then to firie flames againe,
this Godly man is ledde.
Where as they did before,
they double more his payne:
From boanes to plucke his tender flesh,
the Tormenters are fayne.
But ſtill he crieth to God,
to ayde him in that caſe:
And at the laſte to graunt to him,
in Heauen a reſting place.
The Tormentors againe,
to take their whippes prepare:
About the market him to ſcourge,
they preſt and ready are.

This

This donne, vnto a ſtake they binde
and tie this Godly wight:
And on the top, a burninge tubbe,
of pitch the Papiſts pight.
So that the droppes did light a pace,
vpon his tender ſkinne:
This kinde of paine did Camberlaine,
for Chriſtes Goſpell winne.
Who then amidſt his panges of payne,
did neuer more oblight:
To mightie God for to commend,
his ghoſt and troubled ſpright.
And oft he wiſht that Antichriſt,
might haue an vtter fall:
And that the truth might publiſht be,
to ouerthrow of Baall.
But ſtill theſe Vipers fell, alas,
haue ſought his tormentes ſtill,
And iiii. foote diſtant from the ſtake,
to ſhow their curſed will.
A fire huge they frame,
to compaſſe Camber. bound:
Whoſe ardent heate about the ſtake,
conſtraines him to runne round.
Till God from Heauē caſt downe his eies
his tormentes to aſſwage:
Who now no doubt doth reſt in ioye,
moſt free from Papiſts rage.

Judge

Iudge ye that haue Gods feare,
iudge ye these Papists spight:
And magnifie the God of Gods,
for Camberlaine that wight.
Whose praise in spite of death,
shall liue and last for aye:
Maugre all those that wish and loke,
for such a Golden daye.
That they may burne and whip,
as Papists learne by skill:
All those that seeme for to prefer,
Gods Testament and will.
¶ Also the late attempted fact,
in Skottish soyle and land:
Which cruell clownishe caitife late,
to practise toke in hand.
Doth plaine discourse to me,
what fruites in Traitours raine:
As well recordes the Noble bloud,
Lorde Ieamie lately slaine.
With thundringe stroke of gunne,
and eger pearsinge shot:
A griefe to comly Courtiers sure,
and subiectes true God wot.
This Regents death is wepte,
with sobbes in many a place:
Who with the sound of iustice sought,
disorder to deface.

His truth and Noble skill,
in Armes was not vnknowne:
A pricke to those which vnto truth,
were heinous mortall fone.
But cursed be that Tiger fell,
that Gorgon fearce and wood:
Which grædely to quench his thirst,
did shed Lord Ieamies bloud.
Woe worth that Caitifes hand,
that made the simple morne:
Whose stroke of gun, with heaps of ioies
the Papists did adorne.
But so torments the mindes,
of those that faithfull bee:
That brinish streames doth show to them
a dismall daie they see.
But yet perhaps, this verlet vile,
which did commit this fact:
May Canonised be a Sainct,
by Pope for that his act.
For Cronicles discourse to me,
Alphonsus borne in Spaine:
Which did the Lore of Pope wee see,
by study longe maintaine.
Did so disdaine his brother deare,
Diazius by name:
Who then with Bucer sought to preach,
the worde of life and fame.

That

That all in rage gainſt reaſons ſkill,
and natures ſkilfull Loze:
Ye ſought foz to conuert him ſtill,
as buſied euermoze.
To hate the truth, but all in vaine
Diazius faithfull was:
And ſought by truth him to allure,
from pelting Popiſh Maſſe.
And then Alphonſus fainde him ſelf,
conuerted foz to be:
And outward ieſture made it play,
as all eſtates might ſæ.
Ye ſæmd with tounge to ſpeake,
that harte diſdained quight,
Againſte the Pcape he fained then,
with earneſt truth to fight.
Yis bzother was right glad in minde,
and Joyfull in his harte,
That Alphonſe did from Papiſtrie,
to ſincere truth conuarte.
And oft embzaſte him in his armes,
and kiſt his tender face,
Eke he with teares repentaunt ſæmde,
though doubleneſſe had place.
And fayning to departe from thence,
a letter did endight,
And hierd a Slaue to beare the ſame,
to Diazius pwze wight

Who nothing slowe to execute,
his purpose and his will,
A hatchet brought vnder his cloake,
Diazius to kill.
And as he to peruse the same,
was diligent in deede:
The Hangman cleft into his hed,
while he the same did reade.
Then home to Rome Alphonsus fled,
pursuite was after made:
But yet the Popes most sacred Bull,
causde Justice skill to fade.
And for this bloudy murther showne,
he Canonised was:
A Sainct, such zeale hath peeuish Pope,
to his most wicked Masse.
And so this Clowne which late we heare,
Lord Iames with gunne did kill:
The Pope may hap to make a Saincte,
so diueliche is his will.
Judge now the Juglinge castes they vse,
iudge you the cruell trade:
Judge you the cause of Ciuill strife,
the Pope this time hath made.
Whose crueltie is suche,
expressed euery where:
That vnto such as loue Gods truth,
right noysome is to heare.

Was

Was Nero halfe so wood,
as are our Papists now:
The Turkes that heare this crueltie,
will not the same allow.
Not Phallaris so cruell was,
such torementes to deuise:
As do our Bloudhoundes in defence,
of their late written lies.
Though Diocle sian cruell were,
to butcher Christes flocke:
Which vnto Iupiter his God,
for mercy would not knocke.
Not halfe so mercilesse was he,
as seeme our Papists aye:
For some would bite, which now do bark
to haue a Golden daye.
But whence doth spring the cause,
and ground of all this strife?
Euen from the filthy Seas of Rome,
in mischiefe very rife.
Whose wares began to smell,
as dunge and durtie drosse:
And therefore like a rauenous Wolfe,
the Saincts of God doth tosse.
And now the time is come he sees,
that truth must runne his race:
Ye feares the wracke of Babilon,
and of his Papall place.

He feares his pelting pardons now,
no lenger will be sold:
And therefore striues with tooth & nayle
his trinckets to vphold.
He feares his slender God,
his Robin in his bore:
He feares no man will be so mad,
to call to Stoanes and Stockes.
He dreades a sudden chaunge,
may happen sone to fall:
Which him and his, if truth runne forth
may spedely appall .
And therefore sendeth forth,
with thundryng voyce his curse:
Wherewith he thinkes, to staie & cause
his foes to spede the worse.
And then he stirs vp freindes,
and Pardon dothe them send:
That in his cause, and quarell will
by force of Armes contend.
Thus seekes he to obscure the truth,
which God will haue to raigne:
Yea, to deuide al Kingdomes now,
imployed is his payne.
Where peace should ay remainynge be,
he Battayle doth procure:
Where loue should raigne, ỹ fruits of hate
he trauels to inure.

As hath in Fraunce and Flaunders sure,
continued very longe:
And now into our English pale,
he sæketh fast to thronge.
And many Northen Dawes,
aquaynt them with his Grace:
And sæme to burne their Bibels pure,
and Masse bookes plant in place.
Some sæme to disanull the thinge,
that God and Quæne allowes:
And seeke to prosecute apace,
their Popishe peltinge vowes.
The brode of Balaams Priestes,
their Coapes did soone assay:
And some in London then had thought,
to haue their Golden day.
When they might knocke and knæle,
and crutch to Masse againe:
When they might praie, & sucke the bloud
of such as truth maintaine.
But then their hope suppresst,
and dasht by Princesse might:
And both the Moone and Bull for feare,
had take them selues to flight.
And these pestiferous Priestes,
which Masse beganne to singe:
Were trussed vp, and sent to Heauen
as some say in a stringe.

The

The portly Beare, the shininge STAR,
this whurly burly ceast:
In Princesse cause, haue rebels rage
by Justice skill dicreast.
And quiet made those stormes,
which then did seeme to floe:
And quēched quite, those glimering sparks
that then began to gloe.
Euen sodainely the wauering Moone,
so apte for euery chaunge:
As eke the Bull, whiche after him
most fickelly did raunge.
Had lost the day, that lingring hope
to gayne their mindes had fed:
Another Birde of careleſſe kinde,
after their Pipes was led.
As well content, to treade the daunce
that they had so begonne:
As into further perill sure,
disordredly to runne.
And now with forraine power,
they mired do remaine:
Intendinge by their practise found,
to worke their Countries paine.
They nought regard the Princesse loue,
hir fauour they disdaine:
Also hir offred Pardon late,
the Bull, and Moone thought vaine.

And contrary vnto theyr Othes,
vnto their Princesse plight:
They toke the field against hir grace,
and offred there to fight.
But then the STAR prepard in post,
their malice to withstand:
And at the last a prudent Beare,
would take the Bull in hande.
The Moone was quaild, the Bulles hart faild
they fled away for feare:
And left their Soldiars in the field,
dispersed here and theare.
Who hearyng these two Champions fled,
began to shifte for life:
But England hath iust cause to hate,
the Authours of this strife.
But then the Redcombd byrd in field,
in Princes cause was found:
With Speare & Shield by force of Armes
those Rebels to confound.
And none more prest, then he was there
for to pursue the chase:
Of those that sought, as periured wights
to disobay hir Grace.
But when these stormes were calmd,
and euery thyng at rest:
Euen then to ioyne with them, we heare
the careless Byrde thought best.

And

And beyng a faithfull feathered Byrde,
disceyte hath chokte his hart.
But God I pray for Christes sake,
their stony mindes conuart.
And ouerthrow the enterprice,
that they haue take in hand:
Which only tendes the Lawes of God,
and Princelle to withstand.
But if their mindes corrupt,
do Diuelish custome loue:
And that to place the Pope in Throne,
this discord now they moue.
Let them take hæde, for God is iust,
and Maugre all their might:
As he hath donne, so will he now
for his Elected fight.
When Pharo did oppresse,
the Isralites wæ reade:
He plagued him and all his Land,
with sundry Plagues in deede.
And Maugre Pharoes Hoast,
and fortitude so stronge:
He brought them thence, & drowned those
that would his people wronge.
And is he not: the same God now
like wonders for to show:
On those that neither will his might,
nor Gospell learne to know.

Thinke you his Arme doth weaken now:
or is his power lesse:
At this present, then then it was
his foes for to suppresse.
If not, why seeke ye then
his Honour to decay:
And that the Pope in England should,
againe beare rulinge sway.
Where are your English hartes become:
is truth and faith now fled:
Haue ye forgot the place, where ye
where borne and also bred:
Regard ye not your Nourse,
your Natiue soyle and Land:
Whose Honour you are bound to seeke,
and all hir foes withstand.
Your God ye should obay,
his worde you ought to loue:
Your Crowne and Countrie to defend,
it would you all behoue.
First God to Honour ye are bound,
for giuinge breathed life:
For blessyng you with wealthes increase,
as you haue felt full rife.
And nert your Queene whose clemencie,
ye haue both knowne and felt:
Which bountuously vnto you all,
hir gracious giftes hath delt.

As well for that hir Grace,
is heyre vnto the Crowne:
And child vnto the Eight Henrie,
a Prince of hie renowne.
As also that hir Maiestie,
all errours doth suppresse:
And trauels still, that Gods truth may
in England haue successe.
And to your Countrie ye be bound,
as Nature doth you will:
Because that she hath Nurst you vp,
ye ought to loue hir still.
In hir Defence ye ought with sword,
as well in Princesse cause:
In bloudy field to striue against,
all those that hate hir lawes.
But you forget all this,
no God, nor Prince ye feare:
Ne to your Countrie any loue,
your dædes do proue you beare.
But euen as Catterpillers sure,
ye sæke hir wealth to spoile:
But God is able by his power,
to giue you all the foile.
When that his people haue ben vext,
by Tirants raginge yre:
As now your Pope this rule to kæpe,
perhaps doth you require.

Whose peltinge Pardon ye enioy,
to make your hartes so stronge:
That forth ye rush, to worke your wils
suppressinge right for wronge.
What are ye now absolu'd
from thrift and fall to sinne:
Or doth the Pope to make you Saincts,
for this practise beginne:
Why then, its Cock:ye may be bold,
the Heauens shalbe your owne:
I blame ye not if your good willes,
to further him be showne.
But harke ye Balaams blind,
if Popish Saincts ye bee:
The darknesse with cleare light,
at no time can agree.
Can Christe ant Belliall loue:
can truth a falsehood bee:
Or shall the Goates expulse the Lambes,
from Heauen confesse to mee:
No more can you his Saincts,
the Flocke of God deface:
Ne yet his Pardon graunt to you,
in Heauen a resting place.
But yet if cursed cruell Cain,
which shed iust Abels blood:
For Homicide shall winne the Heauens:
then Christ shall do you good.

If Arius that Heretique,
enioy felicitie:
Then shall your Pope, & you his Saintes
which are as ill as he.
If Iudas for betraying Christe,
shall raigne in Heauen on hie:
So shall the Pope, and you his Saints
I can it not denie.
If Mahomet that Prophete false,
eternitie do gaine:
Then shall the Pope, & you his Saintes
in Heauen be sure to raigne.
If Iulius Apostata,
with Christe a place possesse:
So shall the Pope, and you his Saints
of force I must confesse.
But harke, prepare your eares to heare
what tidinges I shall tell:
As these for their most wicked liues,
did sincke downe into Hell.
So shall the Pope, and all his Saints
vnlesse they do repent:
Receiue like hyre, when Christ frō Heauē
to Iudge vs shalbe sent.
For none more prone then he,
the truthe for to withstand:
And none more apte then are his Saints
to take the swoorde in hand.

To

To fight against Gods heauenly truth,
and those that loue the same:
Such zeale haue they vnto the drosse,
that peltinge Popes did frame.
What truth their doctrine hath,
is easie for to trie:
A man may Iudge the fruites thereof,
that hath but halfe an eie.
No truth contaynes the same,
therein is flatly coutcht
A heape of errours false and vaine,
which they for truth haue voucht.
Then cursed are they then,
that Heresies maintaine:
And teach vntruthes, in steede of truth
the Apostell saieth plaine.
If Christes death and precious bloud,
shed forth vpon the Crosse:
Unable be to pourge our sinne,
and pay to God our losse.
His death was vaine I iudge,
his bloud was shed in waste:
Which all that know and trust therein,
do know the gaine they taste.
By faith they purged are,
from sinne in his swæte blood:
Though now the Pope, do tell to vs
a tale of Robin hood.

for true English Subiectes.

Who comes with peltinge pardons now,
and stinkinge Bulles of lead:
To Pardon sinne, and would cause vs
vnder our feete to tread.
The bloud of Christ, that heauenly Lamb
(a preety Juglinge cast)
But God frō Heauen with vengeance hot
this Monster vile will blast.
Yea, he will breake the crewe,
of all the Popish brood:
That hope to haue a Golden day,
to shed more Martyrs bloud.
Yea, Christ wil swage the grædy thirst,
of cruell careless Cain:
Which persecute his members still,
and put his Saincts to paine.
He will not leaue his Churche,
to languish in distresse:
Though he permit some Tirants still,
his Children to oppresse.
But as a faithfull husband sure,
he doth his Church regard:
And at the last amidst his wrath,
his foes will sure reward.
Yea, he will breake the Jawes
of Antichrist so wood:
Which grædely his Woluish thirst,
doth quench with Martyrs bloud.

When

When OG and ZEON sought to spoile,
the Israelites I finde:
A Ieptha for to shield his flocke,
the mightie God assinde.
When that Philistia sought,
with Israell to strive:
A Sampson God did rayse at last,
to venne his foes to drive.
When Ahab did displease the Lord,
and Iesabell his Quæne:
Whose hauocke to oppresse his Saincts,
full greedely was sæne.
He wared wroth, and plagued hir
in his most furious mode:
She brake hir necke, the dogges at last
did lap hir guilty bloud.
When Iabins Captaine Cisera,
did sore oppresse Gods fold:
God raysed a Debora we read,
to make his harte full cold.
When that Assyria annoide,
Samaria in dæde:
God by his power, fought for them
and from their foes them freede.
When Oliphernus did assault,
Bethulia I finde:
A valiant Iudith vnto them,
the mighty God assingd.

When

for true English Subiectes.

When that Antiochus did extoꝛt,
the people of the Loꝛde:
And ſought foꝛ to diſtroy them cleane,
by foꝛce of bloudy ſwoꝛde.
God raiſd a Machabeus then,
his flocke Elect to ſhield:
Thus vnto his oppꝛeſſed Church,
God comfoꝛt ſtill doth yéeld.
And what haue theſe his foes?
vnplagued gonne away:
No, Cyſera loſt his life I read,
in Tent where hid he lay.
And Oliphernus loſt his head,
by Iudiths valiant hand:
Thus God doth fight foꝛ Sions health,
you Foes may vnderſtand.
What? was not Haman hanged on
the tꝛæ he did pꝛepare:
To hange the Iewes, why then I red
ſome Papiſts to beware?
Antiochus was plagued ſoꝛe,
in Chariot where he lay:
The woꝛmes did dꝛop out of his fleſh,
as you can not denay.
The Bible foꝛth doth ſhow,
a number ſuch as theſe:
Which plagued were, becauſe the Loꝛd,
they did ſo ſoꝛe diſpleaſe.

Then

Then thinke ye Papists prowd,
the mighty God doth slæpe:
Because ye scape vnplagued yet,
that kill his simple sheepe.
Nor God beholds your rage,
he sees his peoples griefe:
And to decay your forze in time,
will graunt his Saincts reliefe.
Your Romish Boze, that now doth whet
his greedy Tuskes to spoile:
Shall reape at last to your decay,
a great and greeuous foile.
Your Babilon shall sincke for sinne,
your seate of Rome shall fall:
And God shall free his flocke frõ Wolues
that seeke his Heard to thrall.
Your Purple whoze, your Romish beast
Gods Judgements shall deface:
Whose Sorceries bewitcheth you,
as people past áll grace.
Hir shamelesse Shozlinges there,
hir Marchants then shall mozne:
Hir Cardinals, Bishops, Mõkes, & Friers,
shall be with woes forlorne.
For they shall stande afoze,
and singe this wofull Dittie;
Oh Babilon, Oh famous Rome,
alas thou Noble Cittie.

for true English Subiectes.

And you that loue your Rome alas,
and count hir so intyre,
Shall weepe hir fall, for she shall burne
with hote consuminge fire.
Your Rome is euen the Babilon,
the Angell Iohn did show:
A hold of filthy Birds and Spirites,
wherein all sinne doth flow.
A Zodom sure, a sincke corrupt
wherein remaineth euill:
For Head whereof you know, your Pope
a member of the Deuill.
And sith you haue so grim a Syre,
your Patrone for to be:
Ye must needes spit your spight at truth
as all estates may see.
And ye must toyle and moyle,
as well with toth as nayle:
To elevate his kingdome still,
or els the same will fayle.
But if ye prosecute your willes,
your Countrie to decaie:
Which makes the Papists still to wish,
to haue their Golden daie.
Thinke not where ere ye be,
or in what place ye staie:
But God can cut you short be sure,
and disapoint your daie.

For

For which som Papistes looke,
and therof make great boast:
And then as late they did, be sure
the faithfull they will roast.
Then rigor should haue rule,
where mercy now doth raigne:
And fier and faggots should not faile,
your Masse for to maintaine.
You long to haue your Holy water,
and holy bread againe:
Ye long to haue your little round God,
in Pix for to remaine.
You long to haue a popish priest,
to sing a pelting Masse:
Ye wish to haue the Churche againe,
abused as it was.
But God your longing can depose,
though long therfore ye looke:
Your Golden day may chaunce to cause,
your neckes to stand a crooke.
And therfore leaue your whispering you,
that daily gape for newes:
Take hæde all ye that do Paules Church,
in order such abuse.
Repent, amend and call for grace,
while God doth lend you time:
Embrace the truth and skorne it not,
least vengeance plague your crime.

And

And ye that ſtand in doubt my freindes,
caſt all your doubts away:
And vnto Gods eternall truth,
truſt as your only ſtay.
For if ye ſtray from Chriſte,
and vnto Sathan cleaue:
Ye will when you haue greateſt neede,
in daunger ſtill you leaue.
For who ſo doth forſake the Lord,
for feare of worldly loſſe:
And thinketh ſkorne vpon his backe,
to take his Maiſters Croſſe.
Is far vnmeete to haue a place,
with Chriſt in Heauen aboue:
As plainly he in his Goſpell,
at large doth ſhow and proue.
And now ye that do raunge at large,
like Papiſts ſtoute and bolde:
In many a place of London ſure,
when tidinges ſtraunge are tolde.
Refraine your tounges, beware hēceforth
what you do ſpeake and ſaie:
For God regards his little Fold,
we haue the Golden daie.
His Goſpell pure is truely taught,
and Preachers ready are:
To vs out of his holy Lawe,
our dewties to declare.

The Sacraments are miniſtred,
as Chriſte to vs hath tought:
Wherein we learne what he for vs,
by his deare death hath wrought.
For as we eate materiall Bread,
and Drinke materiall Wine:
So ſpiritually we feede by Faith,
on Chriſtes fleſhe deuine.
And ſo we drinke his precious Bloud,
to cheare our Soules with all:
Not groſly as you Papiſts ſaie,
with outward teeth Carnall.
But Spiritually by Faith,
vpon his Fleſh we fede:
And ſo we Drincke his precious Bloud,
to comfort vs in deede.
Then haue we not a Golden daye:
the Lord prolonge the ſame:
That in his feare, henceforth we may
practiſe our liues to frame.
And ſo be thankfull to our God,
for theſe his giftes of grace:
That he may ſtill behold our daies,
with his moſt louyng face.
That all our wordes & deedes henceforth,
may learne ſo to accorde:
That we with harts vnfained may,
ſtill liue and Laude the Lorde.

And

for true English Subiectes.

And next our gracious Quæne,
so Honour and obaye:
That England may be freed still,
from Papists Golden daye.
Which vnto those that feare the Lord,
and loue his Veritie:
Through rigor and extorted force,
a dismall daie would be.
From which Lord fende thy littel flocke,
and giue our foes a fall:
Confound those cruell Caines (O Lord)
that for a chaunge do call.
And so thy truth do grafte,
with in our tender hart:
That from thy truth and Testament,
no daunger cause vs start.
Confound the rage of Rebels stout,
Lord be our strength and Towre:
As from the Turke so shield vs Lord,
from force of Popish powre.
Abate their pride which wilfull be,
in lingringe hope to staie:
Protect thy Fold, defend thy Churche
from Papists Golden daye.
Aduaunce thy Gospell still,
let not thy praise decaie:
Stretch forth thine arme, & shield vs still
from Papists Golden daie.

Let all that loue thy Testament,
with harts vnfayned prayse:
That neuer more in England here,
the Pope haue Golden daie.
Increase the number of thy folde,
thy mercie Lord displaie:
Prolonge amonge thy simple sheepe,
this happy Golden daie.
That we thy pasture may attaine,
and so thy worde obaie:
That we at no time nede to feare,
the Papists Golden daie.
Come hast thy kingdome mighty God,
come Jesus Christ we praie:
That all our foes, may learne and know
we haue a Golden daie.
Our Realme & Quene defend dere God,
with hart and minde I praie:
That by thy aide hir Grace may kepe,
the Papists from their daie.
Hir health, hir wealth, and vitall race
in mercy longe increase:
And graunt that Ciuill warre and strife,
in England still may cease.
Confound the purpose and deuise,
of all that careleste crewe:
Which seeke by force for to withstand,
thy worde and Gospell trewe.

Preserue

for true English Subiectes.

Preserue the Counsell of this Realme,
let thy Spirite be their staie:
That they their Councell may imploy,
to breake the Papistes daie.
Sende Preachers true good Lord,
thy Gospell to display:
That by their trauell they may let,
the Papists Golden day.
The Commons of this Realme defend,
that loue may ay abound:
And graunt obedience to our Queene,
may euer more be found.
That as she faithfull is,
hir Subiectes ay to loue:
So true and trustie vnto hir,
our hartes may euer proue.
Thus shall the mighty God,
be our Defence and stay:
And keepe the cruell Papists still,
from their longe wished day.
And we shall haue as God do graunt,
to Papists swift decay:
The worde of grace sincerely Preacht,
which is our Golden day.
Which to continew longe,
to God let vs all pray:
Whose glorious name be Lauded still,
for this our Golden day.

FINIS.